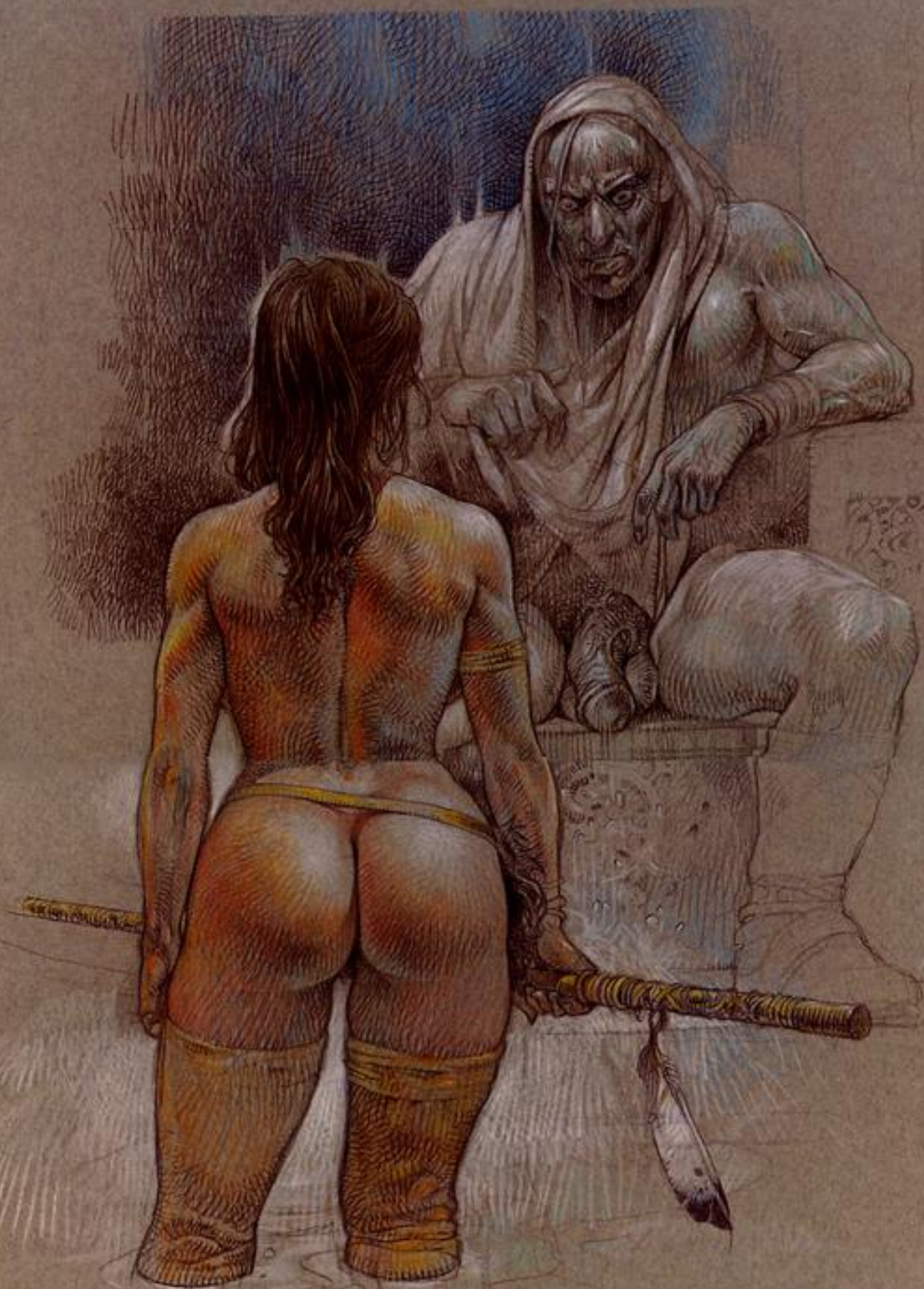


SERPIERI DRUUNA



HEAVY METAL







MMM..
MGM..
AHGH...

YOU DO IT SO WELL...!
HIS COCK IS DRIPPING.
THAT'S RIGHT, PUMP HIM FOR
ALL HE'S WORTH! MORE! MORE!
AHH!... MY PENEIS IS GOING MAD,
BUT I'M GOING TO HOLD IT IN
MY HAND SO I CAN COME
WITH YOU... AHH...





*Thirty whores from this Republic
Make up the whole, and with a joyful expression
And with laughing tone, they offer voluptuousness.
Their exquisite art amazes nature,
Their lascivious eyes distill lust,
Their gestures, their speech, their songs,
All provide perfect lessons on the subject of Love.
Like a wild Indian, I give free reign to my every whim,
And let wander my hands, touching breast and thigh,
Feeling my way through a labyrinth of charms;
Thus I make my choice, without fear that she
Will rebel against my desire.
Let her be slow or cool in her frolicking...
...Will I soon weary of this blonde?
Do her listless efforts lead me to languor?
But a brunette appears to rekindle my ardor,
A pelvic thrust and I'm flooded in semen.*

From "In Praise of the Brothel,"
by Sénae de Mélihan (1756-1803)





1



1



1



1



*...Transforming a phallus into a real bronze snake.
Here, alabaster columns support
An always shady sanctuary,
Where the wise and idolatrous Solomon
Made his offering of incense.
Each beautiful votary seems to vary her pose
Simply to multiply nature's gifts.
See those magnificent white breasts, so firm and perfectly placed;
Admire those adorable buttocks;
How the wandering eye caresses the curve of a back.*



From "The Wager, Lost and Won,
or The Carnival of Venice,"
by Robbé de Beauveset (1712-1792)

LA DONNA
RAPPRESENTA
LA VIA, LEI
TROVA SEMPRE
LA SOLUZIONE
A TUTTO, LUI,
L'UOMO È
SPESSE
INDECISO,
BLOCCATO...
PIÙ FRAGILE







*A long period of calm follows the tumult of the storm;
The fire, which consumed us, is now subsiding,
And voluptuousness has survived painful ecstasy.
The spirit relaxes and silently rests on its bliss,
While reflection stares at joyful pleasure,
And chooses to view it in a more flattering light.
Oh, Love, to such pleasure your effort and power
Must add but one thing – a little less haste.*

From "The Remembrance,"
by Evariste Parry (1799-1814)





*While clutching the most perfect body,
He thought he felt—and really did feel—
Something protruding, elastic
And round whose sweet heat
Troubled the senses, and went for his heart.
But discarding the suspicion,
He overcame the diversion.
Diane also paid careful attention
To the smooth skin and the form that graced
The naked body she fought, nays, embraced.*

From "The Nightly Struggle of Diane
and the Angel Gabriel,"
by Evariste Pamy (1753-1814)





NOW. SPREAD YOUR
CHEEKS. SUCK YOUR
THUMB AND SHOVE IT UP
YOUR ASS AS FAR AS IT'LL
GO...

LOOK CAREFULLY
AT THIS TIGHT, WEL-
COMING HOLE WHICH
HAS ACCOMMODATED
YOUR COCK SO
MANY TIMES...!









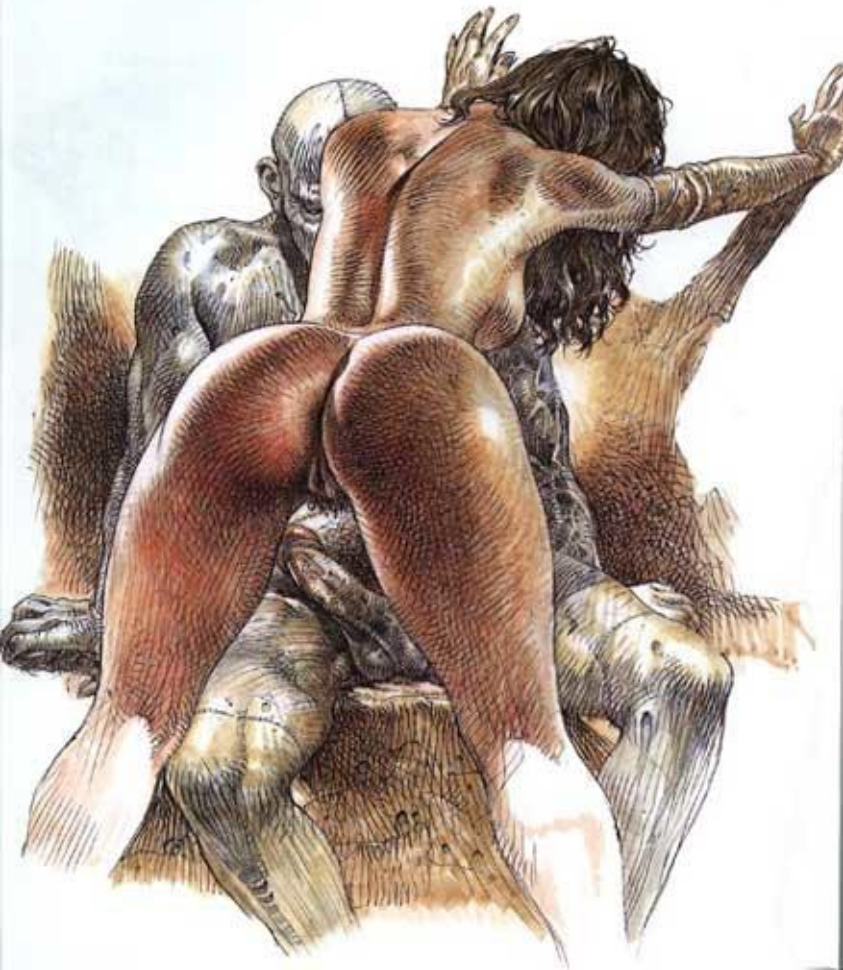


OH, DRUUNA! I AM
DRUNK WITH THE THOUGHT
THAT I AM ABOUT TO OFFER
YOU A STALLION WHO WILL
TEAR YOU APART, FUCK YOUR
BRAINS OUT... OH, HOW
I LOVE YOU!

I LOVE YOU TOO!
I LOVE OUR EROTIC GAMES
AND THE SUPERBLY HUNG
STUDS YOU ALWAYS FIND
FOR ME.











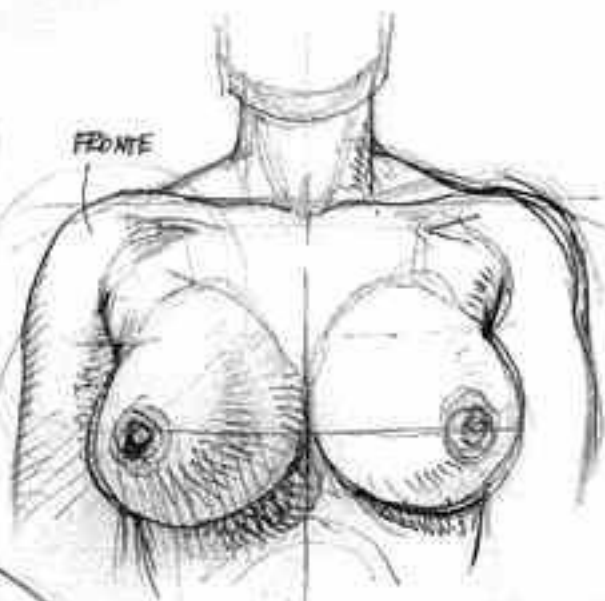


Capo ①



PROFILLO-TREQUARTI
BRACCIO E
ASCELLA
LEGGERMENTE
APERTA

FRONTE



TREQUARTI-FRONTE
ASCELLA CHIUSA





RUN YOUR NAILS FROM TOP TO
BOTTOM, HOLD IT TIGHTLY IN YOUR
HANDS. OH, MY LITTLE BITCH!
THAT'S RIGHT, GET HIM WET.
GOD, YOU'RE SO
BEAUTIFUL!

HIS DELICIOUS ROD
SMELLS OF MUSK,
TASTES OF
GINGERBREAD...

YOU'RE DRIVING
ME MAD WITH
PLEASURE!

HIS PHALLUS EXCITES
ME... DRIVES ME CRAZY.
I WANT TO... SWALLOW
IT... WHOLE!





LOOK AT THIS HARD-ON!
HIS KNOB IS ROUND AND
HARD AND HIS BALLS ARE
AS SWEET AS SUN-RIPE
FIGS.

RUN YOUR TONGUE
THROUGH THE HAIR ON HIS
BALLS. SLOWLY LICK THE
LENGTH OF HIS DICK. PUT THE
TIP OF YOUR TONGUE ON HIS
DAMP CLEFT AND LET THE
SALTY FLUID TRICKLE INTO
YOUR LIPS.









Carla J. J. J.



LOOK UPON THE
INSTRUMENT OF YOUR
PLEASURE! IT IS ALL
YOURS... IT'S FOR YOUR
COCK-SUCKING LIPS, YOUR
CAVERNOUS CUNT, AND
YOUR WHORING ASS...

UMMM...





OH, MY LOVE, YOUR
BALLS ARE FULL, YOUR
PENIS SO HARD AND FIRM!
I WANT TO EAT YOU UP,
SWALLOW YOU DOWN MY
THROAT.





*Stay, lovable images,
Remain forever before my eyes;
Be the object of my homage,
My legislators and my gods.
Erect a temple to Priapus,
Where night and day you may be venerated,
To the whims of the tireless fornicators,
Semen they will offer thee,
And garlands of pubic hair,
Your adoring phallic initiates.*



*In your beautiful eyes, so modest and wild,
I can read the soft languor
That both precedes and concludes
Our enchanted pleasures...
Delicious moments when our fiery lips
Momentarily separated, seek to reunite!
When such sweet fury takes over our souls
Then our strange desires are free to roam!
...A pleasant reverie
Has finally replaced this lively playfulness
This exciting dizziness.*



From "The Nightly Struggle of Diane
and the Angel Gabriel,"
by Evariste Parny (1753-1814)









HIM. HE STAYS IN
THE BACKGROUND BUT
HE'S WATCHING YOU ON THE
MAIN MONITOR... TURN ROUND,
THERE. NOW STEP BACK, PUMP
YOUR RUMP... SPREAD YOUR
THIGHS. CARESS YOUR
LITTLE CHERRY. GO ON... LET
YOURSELF GO. YOU BITCH...
YOU LIKE THAT,
DON'T YOU?

YOU ARE THE
MANIPULATOR OF MY WILDEST
FANTASIES... OH! MY LOVE...
JUST KNOWING THAT I'M BEING
WATCHED, THAT SOMEONE
WANTS TO TOUCH ME AND TAKE
ME... MAKES MY SNATCH ALL
WET! I'M GOING TO PULL OFF
MY G-STRING.

YES. THAT'S PERFECT!
MAKE THAT GREAT BODY
OF YOURS DANCE, KEEP
MOVING IT, DON'T STOP,
WE'RE UNDER YOUR SPELL!



What a magnificent jewel!... And what beautiful lips!

But I don't think you are as hairy as I am...

Hey! You're only a kid! You're still got baby's down...

You're not even warm there... But trust a moment,

I know exactly what to do about that!

What are you doing?... Why are you rubbing me like that?...

Oh! Oh! Where are you sticking your finger?...

Oh! You're making me feel all warm...

I'd never felt anything like that before...

Ooh! You're tickling me! That feels so nice!...

I'd love to give you pleasure like that too!

From "Tableaux of Customs from the Different Ages of Life,"
by Monsieur de La Poussinière (1693-1702).



TURN AROUND AND GET
DOWN ON ALL FOURS. OPEN WIDE...
AS WIDE AS YOU CAN. I WANT TO SEE
HIS KNOB RIP YOUR ASS APART. HIS
BALLS SLAMMING INTO YOUR BUTT. HE'S
GOING TO STUFF YOU TILL YOU POP! OH
GOD. MY DICK'S BURNING UP.
TELL ME YOU LOVE IT TOO!

OH YES, YES! I CAN'T
GO ON! I'M DRIPPING ALL
OVER! IT'S SO BIG... IT
WON'T GO IN ALL THE WAY.
OH, I'M ALL YOURS.

OH, MY LOVE. KEEP
MOVING. I'M BURNING FOR
YOU. NO ONE ELSE CAN
MAKE ME FEEL THIS
WAY! THAT'S IT. I
WANT YOU TO
COME... I WANT US
TO COME
TOGETHER!...



Object of pleasure





DO YOU
LIKE THIS?

I LOVE IT!
DON'T STOP NOW!
ARCH YOUR BACK AND
THROW BACK YOUR
BUTT. I WANT TO GET
YOU FROM BELOW.

*An erection for everyone, and may all be ablaze!
Come along then, all you libertines and whores!
But what do I see before me? Where am I? Oh, sweet ecstasy!
The heavens have not such glorious things!
Testicles in neat circles;
Smooth, firm thighs,
Battalions of throbbing phalluses,
Round bottoms, hairless and unsullied,
Tits, muffs and cunts
Flooded with a torrent of semen!
One event follows another and all is made well
By that pleasure known as 'abuse';
Man, bird, fish, and four-footed creature
Would all disappear without its wonderful pleasure.
The world's foundations are anchored in semen,
Semen is the fertile source
That makes the universe eternal;
And the vast All that we so admire—
Our wonderful universe—is but
A huge, grandiose brothel.*



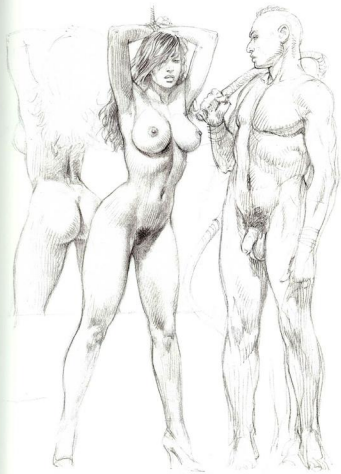


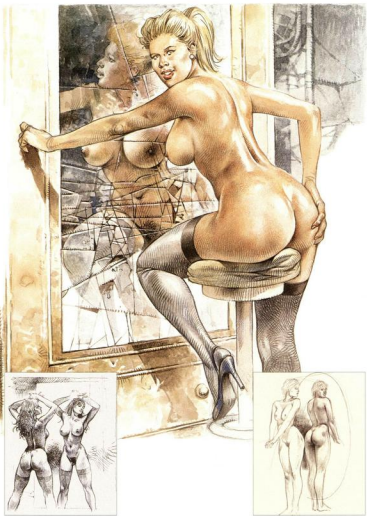


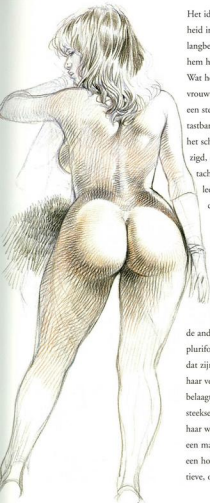












Het ideale fotomodel, de perfecte schoonheid in de geest van die periode, de slanke, langbenige, strakke fashiongodin, boeit hem hoegenaamd niet.

Wat hem voor ogen staat is een jonge vrouw met weelderige vormen, curven, een stevige, volle boezem, uitgesproken, tastbare billen, machtige dijen. Intussen is het schoonheidsideaal al drie keer gewijzigd, en zijn de fashionqueens van de tachtiger jaren vervangen. Maar Druuna leeft, en sleept de lezer mee in haar carnale avontuur.

De wereld die Serpieri om zijn heldin heen creëert, confronteert haar tedere lichamelijkeheid met het Beest. Het Beest is diabolisch en kent vele gestalten. Soms is het half-menselijk, een gedeformeerde androïde, dan weer is het een amorfe, pluriforme massa, een glibberig substraat dat zijn giftige tentakels om haar wikkelt, haar verstikt met zijn secreties, haar belaagt met meervoudige, dreigende uitsteeksels, als zovele penissen die overal in haar willen dringen. Soms ook is het Beest een machine, een creatie, een beeld door een hogere geest geschapen, een destructieve, ongrijpbare kracht.

scenario, realiseren. Hij koos voor het laatste, en de honderdduizenden fans van Druuna zullen hem er dankbaar voor blijven.

Eer het zover was, had hij echter nog een hele weg af te leggen, en diende er water en bloed gezweet. Serpieri nam het penseel weer op en maakte twee jaar lang naaktstudies, erotische tekeningen, akwarellen, kleine schilderijen met gewaagde vrouwenportretten. Op die manier ontdekte hij het meisjestype dat de prefiguratie bleek te zijn van zijn absolute heldin.

Een lang verblijf in Amerika bracht hem in contact met de Fantasy-illustrators en de klassieke grootmeesters van met kordate hard-body's, triomfantelijke heldinnen

en uitdagende vrouwelijke spierbundels bevolkte science-fiction tafelen: Frazetta, Corben, Vargas.

Wat hijzelf er van overhield, was een in het onbewuste bestaand archetype van de ultra-sensuele, ongecomplexeerde en op directe verleiding aansturende vrouw. Hij had haar gevonden, hield haar vast in zijn geest en tekende haar in alle poses.







Serpieri was tekenaar en schilder. Hij kwam er pas relatief laat toe strips te gaan tekenen, maar eens begonnen, was er geen houden aan. Uit zijn vingers vloeiden op korte tijd meer dan 400 strippagina's, bijna allemaal westerns.

De kenners van het genre waren verbaasd. De kritiek wist meteen dat hier een groot talent te ontdekken viel. Vanaf zijn debuut als striptekenaar klonk er lof en erkenning. De intelligente, niet evidente en goed gestructureerde scenario's werden met hyperrealistische nauwkeurigheid en ook met Italiaanse zwier uitgetekend. Maar vanaf de eerste westerns was er een bizar element in zijn werk zichtbaar: vrouwen. De Serpieri-vrouw is zelfstandig, sterk, stevig gebouwd, knap, uitdagend en onbelemmerd. Ze is geen vamp of geen decorum, ze organiseert en bepaalt de dramatische actie.

Ook het publieke succes bleef niet uit. In 1984 stond Serpieri voor een keuze: zijn hele verdere bestaan westerns op bestelling tekenen, die in Italië, Frankrijk en Amerika in grote oplage verschenen, en zich hiermee van een comfortabel bestaan verzekeren, of nieuwe, onbetreden paden inslaan en zijn grote droom, het ultieme



